

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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MARCH is ranked as the first of the spring months, but it has little title to such a place in New England. In the warmer climate of the Southern States, and in Italy, or Spain, March may be regarded as a spring

month, for the buds and blossoms are there ready to *spring* into life by this time. But in our rough old New England, March has as much of winter as of spring in it. One day it snows and blows, and every thing looks as chill

and frosty as in December. The next day, perhaps, the sun will be shining warm and fair, a soft wind will come breathing from the south, and every thing seems to remind one of May.

March here, in fact, is a sort of half-way house between winter and summer. At this, the two seasons often meet, and enter into fierce contest for dominion. At one period, winter seems to prevail, and powders the landscape over with his snows, in evidence of his triumph. For a time, he seems again to have established his empire; rough Boreas comes roaring in from the north, the icicles hang down from the eaves, the cattle stand shivering in the barn-yard, and all around bears that gloomy aspect peculiar to the severest of the seasons.

On the morrow, the scene is, perchance, quite changed. Winter is driven back by his soft and gentle antagonist. Retreating to the hills and mountains of the north, he looks down upon the destruction of his works in the plains and valleys below. The snow melts—the ice gives way—the rivulets bound forward, as if in joy—the air seems like balm—the birds venture from their hiding places, uttering brief snatches of melody—the school-boy shouts merrily, and every thing seems to be wreathed in smiles.

This is March, as we have it in New England—changeable, capricious, even to a proverb; yet this month, with all its uncertainties, is generally marked with one characteristic. It is the period in which the snows which have been accumulated in these northern regions are usually melted, and

pouring into the rivers, rush through a thousand channels to the sea. This process, causing frequent inundations along the banks of the streams, is called a *freshet*.

Almost every year, in the breaking up of winter, the rivers of New England are so swollen as to burst their boundaries, and overspread the surrounding country. The rushing waters, loaded with vast masses of broken ice, often speed forward with irresistible force, damaging the roads, and carrying away mills, dikes, dams, and bridges. Sometimes cattle upon the plains are overtaken, and overwhelmed by the torrent, and, not unfrequently, houses have been undermined, broken in fragments, and scattered before the raging waters. Destruction of this kind is always anticipated here with the close of the severe winter, when the snows have accumulated to a great depth.

About twenty years ago, a very severe freshet took place, which did immense damage in various parts of New England. The river Thames rose to a prodigious height, and in the vicinity of Norwich, in Connecticut, swept away the foundations of a Methodist meeting-house, pitched the edifice into the river, and bore it into Long Island Sound. Here it was encountered by the captain of a coasting vessel. The incident gave occasion to the following humorous effusion of the poet Brainard:

THE CAPTAIN—A FRAGMENT.

SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships: I have been

Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has washed me on the sawyer; I have sailed
In the thick night, along the wave-washed
edge

Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar's seas;
And often, and in my cold, midnight watch,
Have heard the warning voice of the lee-
shore
Speaking in breakers!

Ay, and I have seen
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my
bows;

And when they made the deep boil like a pot,
Have swung into its vortex; and I know
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;
But never yet, upon the stormy wave,
Or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I—a Methodist meeting-house!

* * * * *
Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
Starboard, nor larboard, gunwale, stem, nor
stern!

It comes in such a "questionable shape,"
I cannot even *speak* it!

Up jib, Josey!
And make for Bridgeport! There, where
Stratford Point,
Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy
Are safe from such encounters, we'll protest!
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by a meeting-house!

I believe it would be easy to write a
book full of strange accidents and inci-
dents respecting our New England
freshets, but we can only spare room
in this number to narrate a circum-
stance which occurred many years ago,
and which we recollect to have read
about in a newspaper at the time. The
story we shall entitle

THE BABY SAILOR.

Whosoever has made a passage up
or down Connecticut river, has noticed
on either side of it, some twenty miles
from its mouth, a succession of ridges,
sometimes rising to the elevation of one
hundred feet. These are occasionally
broken by chasms, or openings, through
which small rivers find their way to
the large streams. On the banks of
one of these little rivers, at the period
of which we speak, there was a small
brown house, occupied by a family
bearing the name of Riley; the father
himself was the master of a small
schooner that plied between Middletown
and the West Indies. Leaving the
mother and four children in their snug
little mansion, he had now gone to sea.

The winter, which had been ex-
tremely severe, continued till near the
end of March. The snows had fallen
to the average depth of four or five
feet, and at this late period of the sea-
son remained almost without diminu-
tion. At last, the severe weather sud-
denly gave way—the wind came round
to the south, and the air seemed almost
like that of summer. A heavy fall of
rain occurred at the same time. Un-
der these influences, the vast masses of
snow were suddenly melted, and gath-
ering into streams, came rolling down
the slopes in every direction.

The family of which we have spo-
ken, had gone to rest at night at the
usual hour, little dreaming of the se-
rious events which were approaching.
The house they occupied was a slight
wooden tenement, consisting of but a
single story. It was divided into three

rooms, in one of which the three elder children were reposing. These consisted of a boy about eight years old, and two girls of five and six. The mother slept in a contiguous room. By the side of her bed, in an old-fashioned box cradle, was an infant of five months old.

It was somewhat past midnight, when the mother was awakened by an unusual noise. She arose, and looked out of the window. The darkness was intense, and she could see nothing of the surrounding objects. The rain was falling in torrents, and the air was filled with a deafening and appalling roar. Quite unable to account for this, the mother dressed herself, and stepped out of the door to ascertain the cause of the uproar.

This was soon apparent. The waters, collected from the melted snows and the rain, had filled the channel of the river, and the stream, having risen above its banks, was sweeping rapidly over the little plain upon which the house was situated. It had already risen so high as to overspread a large portion of this, leaving nothing uncovered but the little mound upon which the house itself was situated. The scene that presented itself, even in the darkness, was terrific. The raging waters, bearing forward fragments of trees, and ploughing up the earth in their course, were lashed into foam, their hoarse murmurs seeming but the expression of the fury with which they were agitated.

The danger which now threatened her family, flashed at once upon the

mind of the mother. It was evident that the waters were rising, and that the house must be speedily borne away. Taking her resolution instantly, she dressed the three elder children, and prepared to make an effort to cross the shallower branch of the torrent, and gain the high land, where they would be in safety. Leaving the infant in the cradle, with the purpose of speedily returning for it, she set out with the three other children, and with considerable difficulty crossed the current.

Placing them upon the ridge, at a considerable elevation, she was about to return to the house, when a scene that cannot well be described met her view. By the faint light of the morning, which had dawned, she saw a vast mass of waters bursting from the gorge between the hills, and rushing directly upon the frail tenement that held her infant. Uttering a shriek of agony, she ran forward—but all in vain. Long before she could reach the house, the torrent had fallen upon it, and scattered it in a thousand fragments.

Bewildered with the frightful scene, the mother sunk down upon the ground, where she remained some time in a state of insensibility. When she recovered, every trace of her house had disappeared—only the fragments could be distinguished upon the rough surface of the distant waters. One object met her view, riding upon the waves, and it seemed like the cradle of her child. The thoughts and feelings that filled her bosom at that moment we may imagine, but cannot tell.

Dejected, and nearly broken-hearted,

the woman made her way, with the three children, to a neighbor's house. Here they met with every care and kindness, but nothing could appease the sorrow of the mother for her lost infant. Night and day, her fancy dwelt upon the scene of horror, in which it had disappeared. Again, and again, her imagination called up every incident of that fearful night. Again, and again, she reproached herself for having left the infant. "Had I but taken it with me," said she, "that, too, might have been saved."

Nor was her sorrow diminished when she thought of the father at sea. It was now time for him to arrive. Every day she expected to hear of his return. "Alas!" said she to herself, "how will he mourn to find our house swept away, our very home annihilated, and our youngest child buried in the waters! Will he not reproach me as having deserted it in the hour of peril?" With thoughts like these her mind was agitated, nor could she receive the consolations which kind friends suggested, or which reason itself might have placed before her.

We must now turn our attention to the captain of the schooner. The same storm which had caused the inundation which we have described, extended to the south, and was experienced, in its full force, at the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound, where the little vessel then was. The wind, however, was in a favorable direction, and taking advantage of this, the light craft sped forward, and was soon at the mouth of Connecticut river. The swollen stream

now gave evidence of the freshet which had flooded the country above. Branches and trunks of trees, fragments of bridges, stacks of hay, boards, timbers, wrecks of every kind, came floating upon the tide.

In the midst of these various objects, evidences of wide-spread ruin, the captain discovered one which excited his curiosity. It seemed, at first, a mere box, but on looking at it with his telescope, he perceived it to be a cradle. A boat was immediately lowered—the cradle was secured, and brought to the ship. What was the astonishment of the captain to discover in this a familiar object—the very cradle in which his own children had been rocked. Nor did his wonder end here. His child, the infant, was snug in its bed; and that Providence which had laid the house in ruins, had borne the helpless creature upon the waves, and directed its course in safety.

The issue of the story need not be told. The meeting of the parents can be imagined, and the joy of the mother at the wonderful restoration of her infant may be readily conceived.

Water.

WHAT is it that glitters so clear and serene,
Or dances in billows so white?
Ships skimming along on its surface are seen;
'Tis water that glitters so bright.

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet,
The pearl oyster quietly sleeps;
A thousand fair shells, yellow, amber, and jet,
And coral, glow red in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolick-
some wrath,

While hoarsely the winter wind roars ;
And shoals of green mackerel stretch from the
north,

And wander along by our shores.

When tempests sweep over its bosom serene,

Like mountains its billows arise ;

The ships now appear to be buried between,
And now carried up to the skies

It gushes out clear from the side of the hill,

And sparkles right down from the steep ;

Then waters the valley, and roars through the
mill,

And wanders in many a sweep.

The traveler that crosses the desert so wide,

Hot, weary, and stifled with dust ;

Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side,

To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its
breast,

Nor ruffles its surface serene ;

And the ducklings, unfledged, waddle out of
their nests,

To dabble in ditch water green.

The clouds blown about in the chilly blue sky,

Vast cisterns of water contain ;

Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly,

In summer, stream gently in rain.

When sunbeams so bright on the falling drops
shine,

The rainbow enlivens the shower ;

And glows in the heavens a beautiful sign,

That water shall drown us no more.

I Forgot.

THERE are some young people who
are very forgetful, particularly in
little things. When they go out
of the room, they leave the door
open. If you ask them why they do

so, the ready answer is, "Oh, I forgot!" If they have been so devoted to play as to neglect their lessons, and you ask them about it, they reply, "Oh, I forgot!" If they go into the garden, and leave the gate open, and the pigs rush in and root up the beds, the excuse is, "Oh, I forgot!" Now, this forgetfulness may seem not to be a very serious fault, because it implies no wrong design—no malignant intention—no evil purpose ; but we must recollect that there are *sins of omission* as well as *sins of commission* ; that is, it is as truly wrong to *omit* duties, as to *commit* faults.

In respect to forgetfulness, we must look a little at the consequences, especially if it becomes a habit. I have heard of a little girl who was left by her mother in charge of the house. She, however, went out to play, and forgot her duty : while she was absent, a brand fell down upon the hearth, and set some articles of clothing on fire. In a short time, the whole building was in a blaze ; and, finally, the house was consumed. Now the little girl intended no wrong ; she had no evil purpose in view, she only forgot her duty. Yet what serious consequences followed from this simple act of neglect ! Let me counsel my little friends to avoid the habit of forgetfulness, and whenever they are tempted to say, I forgot, let them think of the girl whose story we have mentioned above.

RICH mouthfuls make heavy groans.



A Word to Friends and Correspondents.

WE occasionally get a letter from our friends and correspondents, desiring, and perhaps suggesting, some change in our Magazine. Some very young reader requests little stories, consisting of short sentences and words of one syllable. Some of our older, and more knowing friends, would be glad to see more of science—chemistry, botany, geology, etc. Some

with long stories, and others with short ones. Some want to hear more of Bill Keeler, and others of Dick Boldhero.

Now, it is our earnest wish to please every body; and owing more to the good nature of our subscribers than any thing in ourselves, we have been very fortunate in satisfying the majority. If there are any that are still impressed with the idea that we do not

entirely fulfill our duty, we shall be very glad to hear from them, and shall receive any suggestions they have to make, with thanks. Our purpose is to make MERRY'S MUSEUM the *Child's Own Book*—full of all sorts of pleasant things—fables and fantasies—rhymes and reason—poetry and prose—mirth and music. We write mainly for the young; but we remember what has been often told us, that parents occasionally take a peep into our Museum, and therefore we always put in something for them. Two things we have constantly in view. We desire to instruct our readers while we amuse them, and we seek also to make our work more and more worthy of the liberal patronage bestowed upon it.

Little Rain Drops.

THE little rain drops that fall from the clouds meet, mingle, and together run into the ocean. There confined, they are constantly felt. The Atlantic is made up of little drops. Are you poor? Are you weak and feeble? Do you pass along unnoticed? No matter. You have an influence. A kind word may be like a drop of rain. When you have spoken it, you do not see its good effects, and never may. It has dropped among the crowd, but it will have its influence, and eternity will reveal it. The copper you throw a poor beggar, whom you will never see again on earth, has done its work. The tear you wiped away, and the glass of cold water you

lifted to the parched lips, have had their effect. All good deeds, however small, have helped to swell the broad river of mercy and goodness, that will eventually so fertilize the moral world, that it will become the garden of the Lord, and the happy abode of redeemed and Christian efforts.

The Gradual Scale.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FEEFFEL.

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
A fly so fat, his taste grew stronger;
His victim, struggling to get free,
Begg'd but to live a little longer;
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

A hawk beheld him at his feast,
And in a moment pounced upon him;
The dying sparrow wished, at least,
To know what injury he had done him;
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

The eagle saw the hawk below,
And quickly on the gormand seizes,—
"Oh, noble king! pray let me go!
Mercy! thou peckest me to pieces."
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

He feasted; lo! an arrow flew
And pierced the eagle's bosom through.
Unto the hunter loud screamed he,
"Oh, tyrant! wherefore murder me?"
"Ah!" said the murderer, "thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

WEAK minds never yield to reason,
and are commonly overpowered only
by clamor.



The Story of George's Journey.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER III.

THE children were very much astonished at not seeing any animals. There were no holes in the streets, no cows nor sheep in the fields, no chickens nor pigeons in the yards. In one corner of a room, however, they discovered a great, white, intelli-

gent-looking spaniel, chained to a hook driven into the wall. He had plenty of nice sweet cakes to eat, and lemonade to drink; but the poor fellow did not seem to care any thing about these things, and lay down in the corner with a very mournful countenance. They noticed that no one approached him, except to plague him and kick him.

George and his cousins were good-hearted children, and it grieved them to see this. So after the company had left the room, they lingered behind, and began to caress the dog, who seemed to be grateful for the attention. George took up a piece of cake, and offered it to him; but, after having smelt of it, the spaniel turned away with disgust. George turned his pockets inside out to find the poor creature something, and, by chance, in the very bottom he found an old crust of bread.

The dog had hardly perceived it, when he sprang forward, caught it, and eat it greedily; then he rolled at George's feet, jumped, barked, licked the hands of all three; in fact, he appeared half crazy with delight. This made the children reflect a little. Without having spoken about it, they had already observed that the food that had been given to them, during the journey, and since their arrival, would soon excite disgust. All their sweet things began to make them a little sick, and they impatiently expected the dinner, in hopes that they would have something besides cakes to eat.

As they entered the dining-room, the little wife, uneasy, at their long absence, was coming to find them. A splendid dinner was now served, and they all sat down. The table was covered with chickens, ragouts, etc. The three children occupied the place of honor, and the soup was brought round. At the sight of this, George's natural gayety returned, and he handed his cousins' plates and his own in a great hurry. But, alas! this soup,

which looked so delicious, was sweetened chocolate; the chickens, the roast beef—all these were made of—sugar! The children, disappointed, eat very little, and excused themselves, by saying they had been so well treated since their arrival, that it was not astonishing that they had not much appetite. A dinner of this kind is quickly dispatched, and in half an hour every body got up from table.

The company now passed into the garden, where the new wonders which they saw, made the three cousins forget their little troubles. The garden was really wonderful. It had been given to the new-married couple by their father. Here grew all sorts of playthings. The ground had just been sowed, and the new plants were already some distance out of the earth. Here were toys from all parts of the world, and more than enough to fill all the New York and Boston toy shops. The children thought they should never be tired of admiring this garden, and left it with regret, after having pulled up some of the finest plants by the roots, to keep as a remembrance of it.

They now went to visit the greenhouse, which was built of rich pie-crust. This produced flowers in sugar, of the rarest kinds, and roses, hyacinths, etc., were most charmingly imitated. In one part grew all the clothes necessary to the most finely dressed dolls. The children had been instructed, on entering the greenhouse, to touch nothing; and fearing that their two dolls and Mr. Punch might not be obedient, and do some injury, they left

them at the door. Judge of their surprise and sorrow, to find, when coming out, that their dolls were nowhere to be seen !

Their new little friends sympathized with them, and did the best they could to console them. They sent all around the city to find the runaways. At first their search was unavailing. But suddenly help arrived, from a quarter least expected. The good spaniel, who had not forgotten the caresses of the children, nor the crust of bread that George had given him, approached Caroline, and, running before her, seemed to ask her to follow him. He soon conducted her to the wanderers, who were found behind a large rock, sobbing and crying bitterly. The dog had been taught to fetch and carry while young ; he therefore took Mr. Punch and the two dolls in his mouth, and brought them to their owners. You see that a good deed is never lost.

George was so grateful toward the dog, that he asked the little husband to give him to him, and promised to treat the poor spaniel better than he had ever been treated before. At this, the husband appeared to be very angry, and replied, rudely, that the dog belonged to a man who had wished to introduce new customs into the country, and that the creature should be punished, as well as his master. George now understood the reason of the ill treatment of the innocent animal.

The children next went to take a sail on a large lake of cream, the

waves of which smelt strongly of vanilla. This lake was surrounded with mountains of stewed fruit, the summits of which were crowned with whipped cream. The rocks were represented by rock candy, which sparkled magnificently in the sun. In the midst of all this, the children sought in vain for what they longed to see—a real tree, or a real bird. The only birds of the country were kites, which had splendid tails and ears, and which were flying in the air on all sides, in great quantities.

When the children returned to their lodging, the musicians came and performed a serenade, on trumpets, violins, and drums. This flourish fatigued them, and they would have been delighted to have heard a simple hand-organ. After this, there was a grand review of all the militia, accompanied by the sound of cymbals. The army were dressed in clothes of every color, and of every fashion. The officers were armed with the swords and guns given to them on New Year's day, while the soldiers were equipped with whatever they could find ; some carried brooms over their shoulders, and others were contented with the handles only.

As soon as the review was finished, an officer stopped the soldiers in front of the window out of which our young travelers were leaning. The drums beat, and as soon as silence was established, it was announced that tarts and jellies were to be presented to the assembled company. This distribution was made by the mothers, and our

young friends were the first to be served.

Directly afterward, a grand ball commenced, but the children did not dance long; they were not accustomed to sitting up late, and therefore went to bed early. The next morning, when they awoke, they were all three sick and feeble. The mere sight of the things which they had at first so longed for, now gave them nausea, although they were extremely hungry.

At eight o'clock, their friends came for them to walk about the city. In passing through a narrow street, they saw a large number of people collected together, and making a great noise. They approached in haste. The reader will understand their profound astonishment when he knows the cause of this crowd.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Comfort for Homely Women.

BEAUTY," says Lord Kaimes, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns, the sooner it is extinguished."

Unwise Men.

THE angry man, who sets his own house on fire, in order that he may burn up that of his neighbor.

The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do.

The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world a right to hang him.

The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable.

The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats it.

The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heir may feast.

THE TONGUE.—There is a world of meaning in the following from an old scrap book:

If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes;
What thou speakest, and how, beware,
Of whom, to whom, when, and where.

TO-DAY.—A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps, that as he toileth up, crumble successively behind him. No going back—the past is an abyss; no stopping—for the present perisheth; but ever hastening on, precarious of to-day; and in one little word, our life, what is it but TO-DAY.

EVERY fool is pleased with his own blunders.



THERE was once a gentleman that lived in a great house, and he married a young lady who had been delicately brought up. In her husband's house she found every thing that was fine—fine tables and chairs, fine looking-glasses and fine curtains; but, then, her husband expected her to spin twelve hanks of thread every day, besides attending to her house; and to tell the plain truth,

the lady could not spin a bit. This made her husband very cross with her, and before a month had passed, she found herself very unhappy.

One day, the husband went away on a journey, after telling her that he expected her, before his return, to have spun a hundred hanks of thread. Quite downcast, she took a walk along the hill-side, till she came to a big flat stone, and there she sat down and

cried. By and by, she heard a strain of gentle music, coming as it were from below the stone, and on turning it up, she saw a path leading to a cave below. Here she entered, and found six little ladies in green, and spinning on little wheels, and singing.

The lady was kindly asked to take a chair and sit down, while the ladies still continued their spinning. She observed that every one's mouth was drawn on one side, but she did not venture to ask the reason. They asked why she looked so unhappy, and she told them it was because she was expected, by her husband, to be a good spinner, when the plain truth was that she could not spin at all, and found herself quite unable to do it, having been so delicately brought up.

"Oh, is that all?" said the little bodies, speaking out of the sides of their mouths.

"Yes; and is it not a very good *all*, too?" said the lady, her heart ready to burst with distress.

"We could easily rid you of that trouble," said the little women; "just ask us to dinner the day your husband comes home—we'll then let you see how we can manage the matter."

So the lady asked them all to dine with herself and her husband the day he was to come back.

When the gentleman came home, he found the house so occupied with preparations for dinner, that he had no time to ask his wife about her thread; and before he could speak to her on the subject, the company was announced. The six ladies all came

in a coach and six, and were as fine as princesses, but still wore their dresses of green. The gentleman wondered, but was very polite, and showed them up stairs, with a pair of wax candles in his hand. And so they all sat down to dinner, and conversation went on very pleasantly, till at length the gentleman, becoming more familiar, said—

"Ladies, if it is not an uncivil question, I should like to know how it happens that all your mouths are turned on one side?"

"Oh," cried they, speaking all at once, with their mouths turned on one side, "it's with our constant *spin-spin-spinning*."

"Is that the case?" said the gentleman; "then, John, Tom, Dick, go and burn every rack, reel, and spinning-wheel in the house, for I'll not have my wife spoil her bonnie face with *spin-spin-spinning*."

And so the lady lived happily with her husband all the rest of her days.

The preceding is an old story, but besides its humor, it seems to possess a meaning and a moral. It implies that it is foolish for people to be anxious to increase their wealth beyond what is necessary, and to distort their minds and bodies by the pursuits of avarice. Industry is a good thing in the rich as well as the poor; but even industry should be regulated by reason and discretion.

"THAT is but an empty purse that is filled with other people's money."

Don't Say Disagreeable Things.

WE occasionally meet with people who seem to take a pleasure in *saying disagreeable things*. Such persons are often not wicked in other respects, and they seem to have no particular malice in the unkind exercise of their tongues. They appear to have got a bad habit, and to be governed by it, almost without being aware of their fault.

Now, with respect to these persons, there are several obvious remarks to be made. In the first place, their habit of saying disagreeable things increases by practice and indulgence, until at last, their conversation is almost entirely made up of sour and disagreeable observations. In the next place, the feelings of these persons are very apt to grow sour and spiteful with their speech, and they seem to be at last always carrying a hornet's nest of disagreeable thoughts and sentiments about with them.

In the third place, these persons rarely have any true friends. People may take pleasure in hearing their smart speeches for a time; but, ere long, they get tired of this. Besides, they become afraid of those who are always satirical, always making bitter speeches, always making disagreeable remarks about others. Mankind do not choose to make their bed among serpents, and people do not choose their friends among satirists. Satirical persons are very rarely beloved—very rarely encircled by kind and loving friends. Thus they miss one of the

greatest enjoyments of life—that of loving and being loved.

Now, let me say to all my young friends, Beware of saying disagreeable things; beware of telling disagreeable tales, and making unkind observations about others. If you find your tongue apt to do these things—tell your tongue that it is a very shabby, disagreeable tongue, and shut it up tight till you can teach it to say good, kind, and pleasant words.

I hope none of my readers, young or old, will be seduced into the habit of saying harsh things, under the idea that it shows talent and smartness. It is not easy to make a greater mistake. Only be ill-natured, and you will say unpleasant things, without the least trouble. How much wiser and better is it always to choose the good, the amiable, and the beautiful.

Let us suppose that two children go into the field to gather flowers. One brings back the lily and the rose—those which are lovely in form, and give forth sweet odors. The other brings nothing but henbane, nightshade, and other plants, which are filled with poison. Which of these children shows the best taste? which of them will you choose for your companions and friends?

In order to make this subject a little more impressive, I will tell you the story of

THE STUFFED ALLIGATOR.

THERE was once a man who took great pleasure in collecting specimens of birds and other animals. He went

on increasing his collection till he had a room full of stuffed birds, and stuffed quadrupeds.

I suppose what I am telling you must have happened a great while ago, for one day a stuffed alligator began to speak, and thus addressed the gentleman, who happened to be walking in the midst of his collection.

"Stop one moment, mister, if you please, and answer me a simple question. Why have you put me by myself in this dark corner of the room, where there is nothing but spiders and cobwebs? Every thing else seems to have an agreeable situation, and to be surrounded by pleasant objects. What have I done to justify such treatment? Please to answer me that question, sir?"

You may well believe that the naturalist was greatly astonished; for, while the alligator spoke, he brandished his tail, rolled up the whites of his eyes, and gave his upper jaw a rising and falling motion. However, the gentleman replied to the monster—

"It is not difficult, Mr. Alligator, to answer your question. In my museum I have endeavored to arrange things so as to produce an agreeable effect. Here, you see, is a group of doves. These are amiable creatures, and it is pleasing to see them assembled together. Here is a family of monkeys. These are sociable animals, and accordingly I have placed them in situations suited to their character. These instances will serve to show the principles which have governed me in arranging my collection. You, Mr. Alligator, when

alive, was a selfish monster, devouring every thing that came in your way. If an insect happened to alight between your jaws, he was instantly crushed and swallowed; or if a bullock came in your way, you fell upon him, dragged him to the bottom of the river where you dwelt, and feasted upon him at leisure. You were thus looked upon as every body's enemy. You were feared and shunned during your lifetime, and now it seems to me proper, that your skin and your skeleton should be placed apart from every thing else, thus indicating your nature and character."

The man ceased speaking, and the agitation of the alligator ceased also. The naturalist, however, made some reflections upon the event which had just passed.

"There is a meaning in this collection of mine," said he to himself, "which I had not before perceived. These various specimens may stand for different characters in society. These doves may represent the affectionate, amiable; and these monkeys the loquacious. That old alligator is exceedingly like a satirist, who has made every body afraid of him—who, at last, deserted and shunned by all the world, indulges his bitter humors amid solitude and neglect."

Such is our fable; and now we advise all our little friends, who do not wish, at last, to resemble the stuffed alligator, to beware of getting into the habit of saying disagreeable things.



Queen Margaret and the Robber.

AMONG the pleasing incidents in the history of England is that of Queen Margaret and the robber. The story carries us back to the year 1450, when there was a violent civil contest in England, called the Wars of the Roses. The king, Henry VI., had been Duke of Lancaster, and his badge was the red rose. Those who took his part, were called Lancasterians, and wore the red rose. The Duke of York claimed the crown, and being aided by many of the nobility, sought to obtain it. His party, called the Yorkists, wore the white rose as their badge.

The strife between these two contending parties continued for a long period, and a great deal of blood was shed in the battles which took place. One of these occurred near the town of Hexham. Queen Margaret had stationed herself upon an eminence near by, where she could see all the movements of the field. She was a very handsome woman, and on this occasion her head was encircled with a diadem of precious stones, and her dress sparkled with diamonds, more befitting the splendor of a court than the rough usages of a battle-field.

Margaret watched the conflict with intense anxiety, and at last, beheld her husband, and his followers, who were defeated, flying from the field. Her attendants, seeking their safety, fled, and left her alone with her son, a boy of tender years, the sole hope of the Lancasterian party. Taking him by the hand, the queen led him toward a thick wood.

"My child," said she, "we will hasten to the forest. If we meet with enemies, fly instantly and conceal thyself. Thou mayst yet live to be king of England."

As she spoke, she reached an opening in the wood and paused, for at that moment a man stepped from behind a tree, and stood in the pathway before her.

"Why do you stop me?" said Margaret, in a bold and determined tone; "you will not molest an unprotected woman?"

The man, surprised, retreated a few steps, and giving a shrill whistle, the queen was instantly surrounded by men, who led her and her son beneath an old oak. Viewing with delight the jewels with which she was adorned, the robbers proceeded to strip them from her dress. They also possessed themselves of the prince's velvet cap, which was ornamented with precious stones, and a very fine sword, with its hilt studded with gold, which hung at his side. These spoils they placed in the hollow trunk of the old oak. One of the robbers, however, seeking to secrete some of the jewels about his own person, the others fell upon him, and

a fierce quarrel ensued, the man resolutely refusing to give them up the prize.

Queen Margaret now took courage, as she saw a chance of escape present itself. She drew her child to her side, and telling him to follow her closely, she suddenly glided into the wood, unperceived by the combatants. Pressing forward toward an open plain, at a little distance before her, she was suddenly stopped by an armed man, who placed himself in her path. She drew back, and nearly fainted with terror and fatigue; but suddenly, as if moved by some secret impulse, she took the prince by the hand, and stepping forward, said,

"Here, my friend, I commit to thy care the safety of the heir to the throne of England. This is the Prince of Wales."

The robber stood for a moment silent and motionless; then dropping his sword, and bending his knee,

"Pardon!" he cried, "most gracious lady."

"Alas!" cried Margaret, "we are in thy power. If thou canst assist us in our distressed condition, thou mayst hereafter bless the day when thou didst help Queen Margaret."

"My cottage is close at hand," said the bandit; "if you will take refuge within its walls, you will find me to be a true friend to the red rose."

The mother whispered to her son to take courage, and turning to the man, bade him lead the way. This he did, and soon a pretty woman emerged from a recess in a rock, near which was a

slight cottage, built of gray stones, and covered with boughs.

"Marian," said the robber, "these are the Queen of England and her son."

The woman, greatly astonished, offered her hand to assist Margaret, saying,

"Your majesty will find but little comfort in our poor hut."

"We have been used to hardships lately," said the queen, "and care little whether our shelter is a cottage or a palace, so long as we can trust our hosts."

"Do not doubt me," said the robber; "although I am an outcast, I am a man. I am a friend to the red rose, and I here swear, that I will defend Queen Margaret and her son."

"Believe him, gracious madam," said Marian, "he will protect you."

Assured by these words of the kind intentions of the robber, the queen entered the hut with her son, and passed several days there in quiet, Marian treating them with the greatest kindness. Meanwhile, the robber tried to find some means of escape for his distinguished guests. At last, he learned that a vessel was soon to sail from a port not far distant. Procuring two horses, the man early one morning mounted the queen upon one, and carrying the child before him upon the other, they set off for the sea-coast. This they gained in safety, and embarked in the ship for Flanders.

Here Margaret found many friends and passed several years in retirement and peace.

Our Charlie.

—
BY THOMAS MACLELLAN.
—

A LITTLE SON—an only son—have we;
(God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,

And lead him softly o'er the stony way!)
He is blue-eyed, and flaxen hair has he,
(Such, long, long ago, mine own was wont to be—

And people say he much resembles me.)
I've never heard a bird or runlet sing
So sweetly as he talks. His words are small,

Sweet words—oh! how deliciously they fall!

Much like the sound of silver bells they ring,
And fill the house with music. Beauty lies
As naturally upon his cheek as bloom

Upon a peach. Like morning vapor, flies
Before his smile my mind's unfrequent gloom.

A jocund child is he, and full of fun:

He laughs with happy heartiness; and he
His half-closed eyelids twinkles roguishly,
Till from their lashes tears start up and run.

The drops are bright as diamonds. When they roll

Adown his cheek, they seem to be the overflowing

Of the deep well of love within his soul—
The human tenderness of his nature showing.

'Tis pleasant to look upon him while he sleeps:

His plump and chubby arms, and delicate fingers—

The half-formed smile that round his red lip creeps:

The intellectual glow that faintly lingers

Upon his countenance, as if he talks
With some bright angel on his nightly walks.

We tremble when we think that many a storm

May beat upon him in the time to come—
That his now beautiful and fragile form
May bear a burden sore and wearisome.

Yet so the stain of guiltiness and shame
 Be never placed upon his soul and name—
 So he preserves his virtue though he die—
 And to his God, his race, his country prove
 A faithful man, whom praise nor glory can
 buy,

Nor threats of vile, designing men can move—
 We ask no more. We trust that He who leads
 The footsteps of the feeble lamb, will hold
 This lamb of ours in mercy's pasture fold,
 Where every inmate near the loving Shep-
 herd feeds.



Perils of the Wilderness.

IT has often been said that truth is more wonderful than fiction, and surely, an instance of this sort is furnished in the adventures of Madame Godin. She was the wife of

a French astronomer, sent by the government to South America, in the year 1735, for scientific purposes. By a strange course of events, she was separated from her husband for many

years. At last, she proceeded to join him in Guiana. Being near the city of Quito, her plan was to pass down the Amazon; and she set out, accompanied by her children, and several other persons as attendants.

After passing through incredible difficulties and dangers, they lost their boat in the river, several of their party having deserted or been drowned. Having lost nearly all their effects, as well as their boat, they built a raft, and attempted to continue their voyage. This miserable craft soon struck against a snag, upset, and plunged the whole party, and all their baggage, into the water. Madame Godin twice sunk, but by great exertion she was saved to endure new perils and sufferings. The party all gained the shore, but as they had few clothes, and no implements of any kind, and very scanty provision, they were in an alarming situation.

The company, consisting of eight persons, now began their journey through the nearly impervious thickets, and in a few days, utterly lost themselves. Their provisions were exhausted, no water was to be found, their feet were lacerated, and one after another, they laid themselves down and expired. Madame Godin alone survived, being in the midst of a frightful wilderness, abounding in wild beasts and venomous reptiles. Half delirious, stupefied, and tormented with thirst, this heroic woman still determined not to abandon herself to her fate. So, after two days, she arose and dragged herself forward. She

had no shoes, and her clothes were torn to shreds. She, however, cut the shoes off the feet of her dead brother, and made herself sandals.

Thus wretchedly equipped she wandered up and down the dreary solitude. The spectacle of the dead around her, and the constant fear of death herself, had such an effect upon her, that her hair turned suddenly gray. On the second day's march, she found water, and some wild fruit and birds' eggs. This food gave her strength to continue her journey, which lasted eight days. On the ninth, she reached the banks of a river. Here she was startled by a noise which, at first, terrified her; but she at length found that it was occasioned by two Indians, who were launching a canoe. She approached them, and taking pity on her forlorn situation, they carried her to their hut and treated her with the utmost kindness. By their aid, she succeeded in finishing her journey; and finally joined her husband in safety, after a separation of twenty years.—*See Parley's Lights and Shadows of American History.*

Arts of Quackery

WE believe the arts of humbug are exercised more largely, and more successfully, in puffing off quack medicines, than in any other trade or profession. These arts are chiefly exerted upon the ignorant, and as it seems to be imagined that these

are readily taken in by a show of learning and science, we usually find the quack advertisements couched in very swelling and pompous terms. We even find upon them labels translated into several languages—German, French, English, etc.

An amusing instance of this species of humbug is furnished in a Parisian handbill, setting forth the extraordinary merits of two dentifrices, called *Elixir Olophile* and *Poudre Philodonte*. After reciting the list of agencies distributed over Europe and America, established for the sale of these important articles, their extraordinary virtues are set forth in French and English. The following are extracts from this paper; the right hand column being intended as a translation of the French on the left:

AVIS IMPORTANT.

Pour éviter les nombreuses contrefaçons, il ne faut accepter que les bouteilles et les boîtes revêtues de ma signature, portant mon nom incrusté sur la bouteille, gravé sur la boîte, et accompagné de cet imprimé.

PROPRIÉTÉS.

Ces dentifrices, composés de simples et aromates, combinés avec le quinine et la magnésie, ont la vertu de conserver les dents, les émailler, les raffermir et les fortifier, les entretenir saines et blanches, en arrêter les douleurs et la carie, détruire la mauvaise haleine, revivifier les gencives pâles, molles, saignantes, gonflées, guérir les dents décharnées, soula-

USEFUL ADVICE.

To avoid the numerous counterfeits you will accept only the decanters and the boxes covered with my signature; carrying my name incrustated on the decanter, graved on the box, and attended by this prospectus.

PROPRIETIES.

These dentifrices composed with any medicinal plants and aromatics, combined with the quinine and the magnesia, have the propriety to conserve, to enamel, to strengthen and fortify the teeth, maintain them clear and white, arrest the grievous and the rottenness, destroy the bad respice, revive the gums, pale, mellow, bleeding, swelled, cure the scraggy

ger les personnes prédisposées au scorbut, et tenir la bouche dans un état de fraîcheur continu, en procurant à l'haleine une odeur suave et des plus agréables.

L'Elixir employé pour la toilette procure à la peau un bien-être tout particulier, et remplace avantageusement les Eaux de Cologne et les Vinaïgres. Il ne faut pas plus d'un flacon pour un bain.

L'Elixir Olophile, chez les enfants, ne peut être qu'utile, et peut influer sur la beauté future et la conservation de leur dentition: nous en recommandons l'usage aux mères de famille.

MANIÈRE D'EMPLOYER LA
POUDRE PHILODONTÉ.

On trempe une brosse douce dans l'Elixir Olophile, on l'imprègne de poudre, et on la passe sur les dents du haut en bas, et *vice versa*. Ensuite on se rince la bouche avec un demi-verre d'eau, dans lequel on jettera twelve à fifteen gouttes d'Elixir Olophile.

MANIÈRE D'EMPLOYER L'
ELIXIR OLOPHILE.

Son emploi journalier conserve les dents dans un état de santé parfait, et procure à la bouche une agréable fraîcheur.

Après avoir trempé une brosse dans une cuillerée d'Elixir étendu dans un demi-verre d'eau fraîche ou tiède, suivant la disposition des personnes, on se nettoie les dents avec une brosse douce, et l'on se rince la bouche avec le reste.

teeth, relieve the persons predisposed to the scurvy, and maintain the mouth in a state of continual freshness like, procure to the respice a sweet and agreeable odor.

The elixir's use for the toilet give to the peel a singular well-being, and advantageously replace the Cologne water and the vinegars.

One decanter only is sufficient for a bath.

The Elixir Olophile can be useful to the children and can influence on the future beauty of the dentition; we recommend its use to the family's mothers.

MANNER TO EMPLOY THE
PHILODONTÉ POWDER.

You soak a brush in the Olophile Elixir, you impregnate it with some powder, you pass it on the teeth of high down and *vice versa*; afterwards you rinse your mouth with one water's half glass, into which you spill twelve or fifteen gouts of Olophile Elixir.

MANNER TO EMPLOY THE
OLOPHILE ELIXIR.

Its continual use maintain the teeth in a state of perfect health, and give to the mouth an agreeable freshness.

You soak a brush into one spoonfull of elixir, spread in water's half glass, cold or warm, according as the disposition of the persons, you clean the teeth with a sweet brush, and you rinse your mouth with the rest.



Peeps at Paris.

No. III.

GETTING A LIVING IN THE STREETS CONTINUED.

AMONG the beggars in Paris, who gain their precarious livelihood in the public streets, there are many who have quite a celebrity—or, rather, notoriety—in their own way. Every body knows the respectable individual who plays the flageolet on the Italian Boulevard; the old gentleman in the Champs Elysées, who is an orchestra all by himself; and the old lady who plays the organ in the *Place de la Madeleine*—while the names of the *stone breaker*, and the *wonderful flute player*, are as familiar as household words to all Paris-

ians. These persons may be styled the princes of the profession, standing head and shoulders above all their brothers in trade. Each one of them merits a biography by himself. As for the mass of their less important brothers, their fame must rest where it is, being too frail and flimsy to risk an Atlantic voyage—especially in the month of February. They, however, send their compliments to their brethren in the United States, and hope that business there is brisker than it is here, and commend the five individuals named above to the

attention of the Americans, assuring them that they are an honor to the craft, and will never disgrace it.

We begin with the old gentleman with the flageolet, who, both from his age and dignified bearing, may be called the the patriarch of Parisian beggars. When professionally engaged, he sits on a wooden stool, with his hat between his knees, his back turned toward the street, and his face toward the passers-by. His hat is always off, wet weather or dry, partly to serve as a contribution box, partly to reveal a deep scar on his forehead, which suggests ideas of Napoleon's Old Guard, Austerlitz, and Marengo. He is always neatly dressed, never assuming the affectation of a ragged coat, or shoes down at the heel. His white hair, thin and flowing as it is, has always an appearance of arrangement, while the whole air of the man is that of one who, unlike his brother beggars, does not pass the night in the same clothes that he whistles in during the day. His coat looks as if it was carefully folded and hung over the back of a chair, while its owner was sleeping, and one would declare that his shoes, in default of a blacking, were every night snugly put away in a corner. At first sight, no one would suppose him to be whistling for his breakfast; one would rather imagine that he was a retired tradesman, who regaled the passers-by with the compositions of his leisure moments. Another minute, however, and it is evident that the flageolet is too shrill and squeaky to amuse any body else, and

his air of constraint forbids you to suppose that he is amusing himself. He plays from morning till night, wiping his forehead with a checked handkerchief in the intervals of his performance. He is very obsequious when he receives a sou, rising from his seat, and overwhelming the donor with benedictions. He is the same thing for one sou and two sous charities, never saying or doing any thing in acknowledgment of the latter, that he does not equally bestow upon the former. In one instance, I was very much surprised, while passing near this old man. A gentleman dropped a ten sous piece into his hat, and walked rapidly on. I waited to see the effect. He looked at the piece of money, seeming rather to suppose that his eyes deceived him, and that it was a hoax. So preferring to trust the sense of touch to that of sight, he put out his hand to take it. He was evidently surprised to find that it became obedient to his fingers, and that he could hold it and feel its weight, as he could not have done had it been an illusion. He looked round for his benefactor, and finding that he was a long way off, he began to think that he hadn't behaved well for one of Napoleon's Old Guard, and commenced growing red in the face. Two or three persons had stopped near him, anxious to see the end of the joke; and as the old gentleman thought he was in a scrape, and hardly knew how to get out of it, he seized his flageolet, and began playing most violently the sailor's polka, pretending that his redness of face was caused

by the exertions rendered necessary by the difficulties of the instrument. After this adventure, he soon packed up his flute and stool, for ten sous, added to what he had already gained during the morning, probably made out his stint for the day. But the next morning, he resumed his seat opposite the Café de Paris, and probably found the day a dull one, compared with the day before. Whether any ten sous pieces have rolled into his hat since, or whether he has again grown red in the face at having forgotten good manners, history saith not.

There is another old gentleman somewhat celebrated in the public music line, who has his stand under the trees in the Champs Elysées. If this person had not been born a beggar, he would have been a Musard, or a Strauss, such an idea has he of monster bands, superb combinations, and grand effects. He plays upon four instruments at once, to which he sometimes adds his voice. Of course, his principal instrument is the violin, which serves as a sort of ground-work for the others. It is the fabric upon which the others are embroidered. The others, then, are the triangle, the cymbals, and the sleigh bells. The triangle hangs from one of his knees, and he strikes it with a poker fastened to his other knee, in a way peculiarly his own. The cymbals are fixed one to the inside of each knee, so that by banging them together, a grand effect is obtained; the sleigh bells he wears as a wreath upon his head. It is only at the conclusion of grand pieces that

he introduces all these instruments at once. This is done by a spasmodic action of the whole body—head, arms, thighs, legs, and knees, having each their appropriate share in the work. He usually begins with the violin alone, bringing in the triangle at the air, the cymbals at the *andante*, and the sleigh bells at the *rondo*, arriving only at the junction of the whole at the *finale*. It is to be lamented, however, that so vast an appliance of means should result in so little sound; for it cannot be concealed that the triangle drowns the violin, that the cymbals drown the triangle, and that the sleigh bells drown every thing else; so that the sleigh bells have the finale all to themselves; and this grand exhibition of a man working away for dear life at shaking a set of bells, conveys some very feeble idea of the manner in which a horse shakes *his* heels down Broadway, a fine morning in January. I have no doubt that the same amount of physical force, properly applied, would turn a large windmill, and thus save the wind a great deal of labor.

On the Place de la Madeleine may be seen, nearly every day when it does not rain, the Queen of the Gipsies of Paris. She is rather old for a queen, but quite young for a Gipsy. She has seen sixty-five summers, and probably as many winters. She has an organ, about as large as a good sized box; the key-board contains only two octaves, but these are fully sufficient for all the uses of the old dame. She only plays tunes of remarkably

small compass, for the upper and lower notes have long since expired. She could play Yankee Doodle tolerably well, being a tune which says a good deal in a few words. But the organ has one too few notes to play Hail Columbia. She would break down in the middle for want of a *do*. Just imagine an instrument that can't play Hail Columbia! This lady, when playing, does not look at her fingers at all—she peers up from under her cap at all the passers-by, ready to construe the slightest movement of the arm into its going into a pantaloon pocket or a velvet bag. No one can pass her without seeing that great green eye. It would be well if all little girls, when taking their lessons on the piano, could imitate her example, and not look at the notes. But in her case, this has one bad effect; her eyes have acquired a habit of looking up, and when she walks along the street with her organ on her back, her eyes seem to be gazing at the clouds. On fine days, she adds the charms of her voice to those of the organ; and it may safely be said that her vocal organ is as much dilapidated as her instrumental one. She sings ballads and airs from operas. But her manner of blowing the organ is far more curious than her style of playing. You are at some distance from her, for instance, and you only see her; you can't hear her at all, she, like the gentleman with the sleigh bells, making very little sound. You see her working away with her feet upon two pedals under-

neath the instrument, and as you hear no sound, it never occurs to you that music is the end of it all—you think it must be locomotion that she is striving after. She appears to be an invalid who has invented a machine that goes by a crank, and who is taking an airing on the broad pavements which surround the Madeleine. You stop some time, and finding that the machine still remains stationary, you imagine that it is only gathering force for a start, and that it will rush at you all of a sudden, and take you off your feet. You unwittingly get out of its way. But you are undeceived by seeing a gentleman give her a sou. It is impossible to believe that a sick woman would receive charity in the public streets, and you are forced to believe that it is music, although you can't hear it. This old lady is sometimes jestingly called the Organist of the Madeleine.* She is probably at this very moment trying to drown the organ on the inside of the church by the music of her own on the outside.

With the *stone breaker* our readers are already acquainted, and we only recur to him again here, for the purpose of saying that a change has come over the spirit of his dream, and that he has left public life for ever. It always formed a part of his address to his audiences, to state that his fortune was not yet made, though he hoped it soon would be; and toward the latter part of his public career, he

* The Madeleine is the finest church in Paris.

was often heard to encourage the spirit of generosity among his hearers, by alluding to his approaching retirement, to the fact of his having acquired a competency, and to his intention of traveling to improve his mind. No one thought that his farewell was so near ; but, a few days ago, he was seen in one of the crowded thoroughfares, dressed in the height of the fashion, with an enormous waistcoat, and a very small cane ; he was very profuse in his liberality to all the beggars he saw, accompanying all his gratuities with an air which seemed to say, "Ah, how very shocking it must be to be a beggar !" It was this very stone breaker who gave that ten sous piece to the old flageolet player. He is probably now on his way to Italy and Egypt.

The *wonderful flute player*, as he styles himself, requires to be seen to be appreciated. He is, like all other men, composed of flesh and bones, except that part of him which is wood and leather. The relative proportions of these two ingredients no one knows. The most accurate calculation, however, supposes him flesh to his waist, and wood to his knees, where he suddenly comes to an end. His principal performance consists in standing on one hand, his legs in the air, and playing the flute with the other hand. He has a great knack at telling stories, and when he is tired of his gymnastic exercises, he amuses his audience with his drolleries. His favorite story is that of his attempting to procure an engagement at the Grand Opera,

where they told him that he was too short ; but that he would do well to try the Champs Elysées, where he would undoubtedly succeed. "It is with you, gentlemen and ladies, to say whether I shall succeed or not. I consider two sous a great success, while three will put me in a condition to consider the Grand Opera a humbug. Walk up, gentlemen—liards* not refused."

Thus we have endeavored to give some idea of the five leading Paris beggars. Four out of these five are musicians, or, rather, call in the aid of music to assist them in their precarious trade. It is the gayest of the sciences that thus lends a hand to these wretches through the world. Strange that the sound of a violin, a flute, or a hand-organ in the street should so suggest the idea of misery, want, blindness, or unprotected old age thus stalking from house to house in search of food and raiment. What Tom Moore said of the harp, will never be said of the violin—

"The harp that once in Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were dead."

The violin will never cease its vibrations till misery ceases from off the earth ; as long as hunger demands its daily bread, and the human body a protection from the winds of heaven, so long will its echo in the streets proclaim that the millennium is not yet come.

* A *liard* is a small copper coin, of the value of one fourth part of a sou. It is the French farthing.

Gerbert, the Magician, who became Pope.

THIS person lived in the latter part of the 10th century. He was a Frenchman by birth, and was eminently learned in the mathematical sciences, on which account he was believed by the common people of that ignorant age to be a magician.

The historian, William of Malmsbury, gives the following account of his education. He went into Spain for the purpose of learning astrology, and other sciences of that nature, from the Saracens who occupy the southern parts of that country. They inhabit the city of Seville, where, according to the manners of their nation, they study the arts of divination and enchantment. Here Gerbert soon made such a proficiency in his studies that he surpassed Ptolemy in geography, Alchind in astronomy, and Julius Firmicus in divination. Here he learned the meaning of the flight and language of birds, and how to raise spectres from the infernal regions. Here he acquired whatever knowledge human curiosity has attained for the destruction or benefit of mankind.

Many wonderful stories are related of Gerbert, which, in those credulous times, were implicitly believed. He was said to have created an enchanted palace, surrounded by a lake which was traversed by a bridge of brass. Within the palace were a number of gigantic statues of men and horses of solid gold. Some adventurous persons, disregarding the

enchantments of Gerbert, attempted to pass the bridge with the design of stealing some of the gold; but at the moment they set foot upon it, the bridge rose from its abutment, and stood upright on the farther end. A brazen man then appeared from beneath it, and struck the water with a mace of brass: the sky immediately darkened, and every thing was over-spread with the most dreadful gloom. The intruders, in great terror, fled from the spot as fast as they could.

Gerbert also had the reputation of fabricating a brazen head, which answered questions, and predicted things to come. But the most celebrated story relating to this famous magician, is the following, which has been given by different writers in various shapes.

In the time of Gerbert, there stood in a certain part of the city of Rome a bronze statue, with one arm extended, and the fore-finger pointing out. On the forehead was written, "*Strike here!*" Many believed that this statue concealed a treasure, and it received abundance of bruises from the credulous and ignorant multitude, in their endeavors to open it. When Gerbert came to Rome, he went to see this famous statue, and after attentively regarding it, and pondering upon its mysterious inscription, he took notice that when the sun shone upon it, the shadow of the fore-finger made a remarkable appearance on the ground at some distance.

Believing that this had some connection with the words, *Strike here*, he waited till midnight, and then took a spade and began to dig on the spot. After some time, he discovered a flight of steps. Digging further, he came to a door, which opened to a long subterranean passage. He traversed this till it brought him to another door, on opening which he found himself in a stately palace: the walls, the ceilings, and the floors, were all of gold. There was a magnificent hall, with golden statues of knights and warriors sitting at tables and playing at chess. There were a king and queen of gold seated at a banquet, with numerous attendants of gold, and cups and flagons of immense value. But no one of all this assembly spake a word.

Gerbert, on looking around the hall, saw in one corner a polished carbuncle, which shone with a brilliancy that illuminated the whole apartment. In the opposite corner, he perceived the figure of a man standing with a bended bow and arrow ready to shoot. On his forehead was written, "*I am who I am. Nothing can escape my stroke, not even yonder carbuncle, which shines so bright.*" Gerbert beheld all this with amazement; and, proceeding onward, entered a chamber where he saw beautiful ladies weaving purple in a loom. But these persons, although ladies, said not a word. He then passed further onward, and came to a stable full of fine horses; he touched some of them, and they were instantly turned

into stone. He continued to open doors and traverse apartments, discovering thousands of wonderful things, till he was satiated with the sight.

He now resolved to return, and began to reflect on the astonishment which would be created among the people above ground when he told them the story of these marvels. "But my accounts," said he to himself, "will not be believed, unless I carry something back with me as evidence. I will therefore pocket some little article of the furniture of this palace." With this design, he returned to the banqueting hall, and took from the table a golden cup and a golden knife. Immediately the golden images all rose up, with a dreadful noise. The man in the corner shot his bow at the carbuncle, shattered it into a thousand pieces, and every thing became dark as midnight. The rash intruder was unable to find his way out of this subterranean abode, and wandered about it in darkness till he died.

This tale is told by many writers of the middle ages, with an edifying moralization, as if it were a philosophical apologue. The steps by which Gerbert descended into the earth, are interpreted as the passions. The palace so richly stored, is the world with its vanities and temptations. The figure with the bow bent is Death, and the carbuncle is human life. The intruder suffers for his avarice in taking what was not his own, and no sooner is he enriched

with the goods of this world than he is plunged into the darkness of the grave, a destiny that must close the career of the most fortunate seeker after earthly wealth.

Gerbert, however, did not end his days in any way similar to what is above described. On the contrary, he died Pope of Rome, having been elected to the pontificate in the year 999, when he took the name of Sylvester II. He was undoubtedly one of the most meritorious characters of the age in which he lived, as a promoter of learning, and a proficient in various branches of science. He spent much time and large sums of money in the collection of books from various parts of Europe. He wrote a number of works, particularly on arithmetic and geometry. He made with his own hands a set of globes, a clock, and an astrolabe, or instrument for making astronomical observations.

But as Gerbert lived in the depth of the dark ages, it is not surprising that, like other superior men who have illuminated that darkness, he should have fallen under the suspicions of magical practices. The grave and learned historian of the Popes, Platina, affirms that he obtained the papacy by the help of the devil, and bargained away his soul for the prize. He also states that Gerbert having consulted the devil as to the length of his life, he was assured that he should not die till he had said mass at Jerusalem. Gerbert, in consequence, expected a very long life;

but one day, saying mass in the *Church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem*, in Rome, he was struck with a mortal sickness, and heard a strange noise of devils around him. Upon this, he judged his end to be approaching, and made a full confession of all his sins.

After his death and burial, it was believed that his bones continued to rattle for a long time, and that his sepulchre sweated great drops whenever a Pope was about to die. Platina confesses that he does not know whether this last is true or not, but that the Popes would do well to "look to it," for it is a matter that concerns them deeply! The preceding accounts afford a striking specimen of the ignorance, credulity, and superstition of the monkish ages.

The Consecrated Island.

THE Island of Pootoo, near Chusan, in China, is remarkable for the number of its Hindoo temples, estimated at one hundred and eight; thirty-six are very spacious, where the principal heathen deities are kept. There are only a few inhabitants; but the priests, sometimes to the number of two thousand, here celebrate their orgies. The island is about twenty miles long, and has no females upon it.

COMMON fame is often a common liar.

Geographical Enigma.

ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of eighteen letters.
 My 1, 8, 16, 2, and 7, is a lake in Sweden.
 My 2, 10, 7, and 11, is a river in Scotland.
 My 3, 10, 9, 10, 5, 10, 16, 13, and 10, is a town in Spain.
 My 4, 6, 15, 7, and 3, is a town in France.
 My 5, 14, 9, and 12, is a town in Wales.
 My 6, 12, 8, and 7, is a river in Prussia.
 My 7, 14, 5, and 8, is a city in Italy.
 My 8, 5, and 3, is a river that runs through Hanover.
 My 9, 8, 2, 12, and 3, is a town in England.
 My 10, 16, 13, 6, 11, and 10, is a town in Italy.
 My 11, 14, 7, 1, 10, and 18, is a kingdom in Europe.
 My 12, 6, and 16, is a river in Russia.
 My 13, 9, 10, 7, and 10, is a river in Sweden.
 My 14, 12, 8, 3, and 10, is a town in Russia.
 My 15, 9, and 5, is a town in Wirtemberg.
 My 16, 8, 1, 7, and 18, is a town in Ireland.
 My 17, 8, 5, and 2, is a river in England.
 My 18, 3, 9, 9, 6, 1, is a river in Indiana.

S. D. L.

Slatersville, R. I.

A Conundrum.

I AM composed of eighteen letters.
 My 13, 14, 14, 5, and 6, is a fruit produced in New England.
 My 9, 7, 11, 16, 9, 7, and 8, is the name of a reigning family in Europe.
 My 17, 18, and 13, is an article much used.
 My 3, 18, 14, 17, 11, 12, and 6, was one of the heathen gods.
 My 6, 17, 8, and 15, is a celebrated volcano.
 My 3, 6, 16, and 4, was an emperor, distinguished for his cruelty.
 My 5, 18, 4, and 12, was a province of Castile.

My 8, 2, 9, 7, and 9, is a title given to a chief, or ruler, in the East.

My 9, 10, and 8, is a French word, meaning good.

My 9, 4, 7, 8, and 6, was the first settler of one of the United States.

My 16, 18, 1, and 17, is another word for torn.

My whole is the name of a distinguished man.

From a black-eyed friend,
 EDWARD B. O.

An Enigma.

I AM composed of thirteen letters.
 My 5, 11, 7, and 12, is a useful member of the body.
 My 4, 3, and 7, is a destructive weapon of war.
 My 5, 2, 3, and 9, is a division of time.
 My 5, 6, 1, and 10, is a small quadruped.
 My 13, 11, 9, and 8, is what most houses have.
 My whole is the common appellation of a renowned general.

TO THE EDITOR OF MERRY'S MUSEUM:

SIR—If you consider the above worthy of a corner in your Magazine, you will confer a favor upon one of your juveniles by inserting the same.

A CONSTANT READER.

New York, Jan. 13th, 1848.

An Enigma.

I AM composed of ten letters.
 My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, is a proper name.
 My 1, 2, 3, 7, and 6, is a game of amusement.
 My 8, 9, and 10, is a certain weight.
 My 5, 6, 3, 7, and 8, is a quantity.
 My 1, 2, 6, 3, and 8, is a crime.
 My 7, 8, 6, 3, and 5, is another crime.
 My whole is a town in South Carolina.
Jonesboro', Aug. 24, 1847.

Spring Morning.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

p

Sweet morn of spring, how blest the hour, That drives a-way chill winter's night,

f

And bids the sleeping bud and flower. Wake from the sod, mid love and light.

2. How sweet the hour, when sunbeams dim
Awake the birds 'mid bush and thorn,
And bid them sing their sweetest hymn,
To gentle spring's returning morn.
3. How sweet the hour, when all around
The hum of busy life we hear,
Awakening with a joyous sound,
O'er hill and dale, both far and near.
4. How blest the hour, when thus we feel,
Sweet incense rise from earth to heaven,
And o'er our thankful bosoms steal
The pledge of love that God has given.